VOL. 1 Chicago, Illinois, June, 1924 NO. 3

The Liberal

A SONG OF COURAGE

Courage and hope, true heart!
Summer is coming though late the spring,
Over the breast of the quiet mold,
With an emerald shimmer—a glint of gold,
Till the leaves of the regal rose unfold
At the rush of the swallow's wing.

Courage and hope, true heart!
Summer is coming though spring be late;
Wishing is weary and waiting is long,
But sorrow's day hath an even-song,
And the flowers that never shall fade belong
To the soul that is strong to wait.

Published monthly by

The Peoples Church

CHICAGO

Ten Cents a Copy One Dollar a Year

DECLARATION OF PRINCIPLES OF THE PEOPLES CHURCH

* * * * * *

"The purpose of the church is to deal in plain terms with the supreme things in human life as measured by the rational conclusions of science and history. It seeks to promote a conception of nature, history and the meaning of life in accordance with the facts of experience and with the progress of growing knowledge. It is essentially religious, not in the traditional but in the scientific and ethical sense of the word. It regards religion as spiritual energy directing itself toward the enrichment of the individual life and the perfection of the social order. This church assumes the right of every one to think his or her own thoughts, and expects the greatest progress to follow from entire intellectual liberty and perfect freedom of judgment. It welcomes to its membership all who wish to co-operate in making a world which shall be enlightened by knowledge, guided by reason and animated by good-will."

* * * * * *

"The final forces in human society are always the spiritual forces. They decide the issue."

—Dean Charles R. Brown, Yale University.

THE LIBERAL

Preston Bradley ..... Editor
Grace Thayer Bradley ..... Associate Editor

VOL. 1 Chicago, Illinois, June, 1924 NO. 3

"THE GREAT NEED"

One of the most valuable benefits to the cause of liberalism which has developed from the present controversy over differences of religious interpretations is the recognition of the need of a better organization among liberals. Until the storm broke the liberals of America were all too loosely organized. Everywhere there were isolated free churches and liberal organizations with no coherency between them. They were all working out their individual problems and as units attempting to vitally influence the contemporary life of the age. Many such groups were seriously handicapped in their full usefulness by being too independent. Their effectiveness was hampered by their aloofness. Their respective reasons for existence were almost identical. The ultimate desire of what they each hoped to accomplish was a universal one. All stood for nearly the same ideal. The issues involved in the disputations now taking place among the contemporary thinkers have revealed certain outstanding weaknesses of the liberals. People who had left the churches which had long traditions of ecclesiastical control were very liable when they did associate with another organization to choose one which by character was of the extreme opposite. The individual church or organization might most satisfactorialy work out its own program and do very effective work but it did not contribute to the success of the ideal on a broader basis. Its radius of influence was limited. Its success was purely local. It did not possess the missionary spirit for expansion beyond the confines of its own identity. The cause is more important than the success of any particular group or society. The issue now is sufficiently important to inspire not amalgamation or assimilation but co-operation and unity. The reactionary and conservative groups in the churches today realize this condition. Denominational labels are meaning less and less while cohesiveness through organization is in the ascendency. The liberals inside the denominations and outside of them must likewise come closer together in the spreading of liberalism. The Fundamentalists have their program very definitely and concisely stated. The liberals and moderns must not be out distanced in definiteness of plans for action. Perhaps out of all may develop a new kind of Protestantism—a recognition of the authority of the spirit over that of a book or a church. One thing is certain, and the verdict of history verifies it, that truth cannot be permanently blocked. "The truth is mighty and must prevail" is too significant a reality to be lightly discarded as a platitude.

The liberals were never more unified in the solidity of one great ideal as they are today. They are on the offensive for the first time in many years. They are not defending outgrown superstitions or useless traditions. They are presenting social, economic, educational, religious and governmental programs that bespeak the new day. They are not excited or agitated about the defensive attitude of the sixteenth century mind in living in the twentieth century. The Fundamentalist can argue, abuse, condemn, threaten and give pathetic evidence of loyalty to a dead past but the true liberal discards "the mumps and measels of the human soul," as Emerson said, and turns his face toward the dawn. The real cry is not "back to Jesus" but "ahead to Jesus" for the world has never yet caught up with him.

"THE MAY-MEETINGS IN BOSTON"

Liberalism has its traditions in America. Sometimes, one listening to the din of the artillery of verbiage now sounding throughout our land, would almost think that all of the noise is about something new and unprecedented. The fact of the matter is that every single issue of this polemic moment was fought in America a century ago. They of that generation stated their opinions, held them inviolate and two distinct currents were created in the subsequent religious philosophy. The result of that century old controversy was the beginning of Unitarianism in America although it had existence in Europe since Origen. The polity of this movement in America has always been one of freedom for the individual church or society. They are entirely independent and congregational in form of government. About two years ago when I realized the need for a closer association with religious liberals and a desire for a fellowship with others doing the same work as myself I affiliated with the Western Unitarian Conference, the American Unitarian Association and the National Federation of Religious Liberals. Last year the Peoples Church took the same step. This action by myself and my church has resulted in renewed activity and increasing interest. We are no longer merely an isolated group but Kinsmen with the free churches of America. The more I read of the history of this great liberal movement and the more I know of its personnel, the more I am proud to be associated with such a group and with such a history. One can always feel a justified pride in the company of characters like John Adams, John Quincy Adams, John Marshall, George Bancroft, Daniel Webster, John C. Calhoun, Charles Sumner, William Cullen Bryant, Ralph Waldo Emerson, Longfellow, Prescott, Nathaniel Hawthorne, Thos. Jefferson, Benjamin Franklin, William Lloyd Garrison, Andrew D. White, Theodore Parker, William Elery Channing, E. E. Hale, Dr. Samuel Eliot and many others whose names are written high in the annals of American life and history. The Unitarians have a constructive program. They are n ow experiencing a revival of interest and a renewal of spirit. All over America independent groups and liberal ministers are affiliating with the national movement.

For many years there have been held in Boston during the month of May a series of meetings lasting most of the week which have come to be known as the "May Meetings." Every department of the free church activities is represented at the various assemblies. This year the meeting of th American Unitarian Association was held May 19th, in Tremont Temple, the largest auditorium in the city of Boston. It was the Ninety-Ninth Annual Meeting of the Association. Delegates and ministers were present from all over America and several speakers were on the program from abroad. I did not realize that the interest of liberalism was so intense in this country. It was the first time that I have ever attended the meetings but it will not be the last. I met kindred spirits from every where and friendships were made which will always be an inspiration. If those who ignorantly criticize the liberals as having little warmth or spiritual vitality —had only been at the meetings I attended and had met some of the men and women that it was my pleasure to meet they would be compelled to change their view point. I thrilled to the very depths of my soul at the address of that stately gentleman and scholar—Dr. Charles Eliot—now ninety years old—but old only in body. His mind refuses to grow old. He does not speak idle words of retrospection about "other" and "better" days as so many of our elders delight in doing. He looks toward the future. After hearing and seeing him I knew why Theodore Roosevelt called him "America's Foremost Citizen." He has been a liberal throughout his life time.

I wish I had the space to write a detailed account of my Boston week. I found the pages of my journal all to small to even sketch all of the impressions I wanted to retain. I would like to tell you how I felt as I went over the historical highway which Paul Revere travelled on the night of his famous ride. My host of the afternoon who made it possible for me to visit Concord was Dr. Albert C. Dieffenbach, the dynamic and virile editor of The Christian Register—a journal of the Free Churches which ought to be in the homes of all religious liberals. While we stood at the momument dedicated by Ralph Waldo Emerson, Dr. Dieffenbach turned to me and said, "I consider this the most sacred spot in America." As we drove back to the Cambridge residence of Dr. Dieffenbach my mind went back to a little schoolroom in Linden, Michigan, where I first heard of Concord, Emerson, Thoreau, Alcott, Lexington and Boston out of an old Harpers Reader. Memory is the bridge of the years!

I visited almost every important historical spot in Boston and then in order that my impressions might be more balanced I saw the throbbing life of Boston today. From student groups to the Italian fishermen of the water-front Boston is undulous with life. However, I think my most vivid impression is that of the great audience which I addressed in Tremont Temple. A vast assembly of religious liberals and forward looking people. I was rather doubtful as to how I would be received. Yet after the first sentence I had no more doubts. The gracious tribute given my church in the introduction by Dr. Eliot helped me. I wish every friend and member of the church might have heard his words. I spoke of our work in Chicago and how we hoped to be of assistance in carrying out a liberal program thru out the country. If I sensed the true spirit of the May meetings it is far deeper and more significant than merely theological bickerings about controversial matters but rather a united constructive effort to bring to this land of ours a deep abiding idealism of spiritual beauty and being. After all there are many theologies but only one religion. In this great free fellowship there are no limitations of creed or dogma but there is evidence of a renaissance of freedom, fellowship and character as being the tripod upon which all religion must ultimately depend for continuity and influence.

"A PREACHER VISITS A BISHOP"

(Continued from the May number.)

He referred almost casually to his broken health. "I didn't think it would come so early. Strange, isn't it, that folks who are weak all thru life sometimes hang on better than strong people. I never gave my body a thought yet, after all we are not here to live long—but to live well, do our work as best we can, love God and folks and—be glad". In that last sentence Bishop Quayle uttered more religious truth than can be found in the whole of the Methodist Discipline or the Westminster Confession of Faith. Why, that sentence is the Epitome of religious truth. If all did that the "Kingdom" would soon "come on earth". Here was a great preacher and lecturer who had not made a public appearance in over a year—with a broken body—talking about "being glad"—That is Quayle. It seems to me that he will tell angels sometime that even they have not exhausted the spirit of gladness. This sentence penetrated so deeply into my heart that I could not reply. It made me feel ashamed that I could not reply. It made me feel ashamed that I had ever complained or had permitted myself to be irritated by any circumstances. It was worth a hundred sermons. It was the key philosophy of a great life and the world must not lose that sentence.

I arose and walked over to his great collection of old Bibles—the finest in America. He followed me. Soon we both had quite forgotten that he was ill. Volume after volume we caressed together. His eyes glistened with love as lovingly and tenderly he placed in my hands Browning's Bible and also the copy which belonged to his beloved Stevenson. Then there was the First-Edition of Johnson's Dictionary and his very prize volume of the first-edition of Boswell's "Johnson". He also owns the Coverdale Edition of the Bible printed in 1550. I would like to have lingered with the man and his books for hours but that was impossible. His taxi was waiting. A man's library is an index of his spiritual and intellectual self. Bishop Quayle has evidenced both in a superlative degree by the books he has gathered. What a solace and inspiration they are to him in this hour! They are soul of his soul and life of his life. It was not an indiscriminate selection of uncut and unread volumes. He knew every one like he knows his friends. The classics were all there. Surrounding him every where were the comrades of high and lofty thinking.

Tho time had come to leave. As we left his library he gave a glance around the room which seemed to say "Good-bye, my friends, I will not be gone very long". They understood. As we walked down the path to the car he explained to me how much he loved this home among the trees, shrubs and vines, I went with him to his physician and waited while his blood-pressure was taken. After the doctor was finished the Bishop, with his face wreathed in a smile, but with a slight suggestion of anxiety, said, "How is it today, Doctor". "Oh, not very high today but a little higher than the last time. Perhaps you have exerted yourself slightly too much this morning", "replied his doctor. I knew that the doctor was right for had not the good Bishop forgotten ill-health while with enthusiasm and love he fondled his precious volumes and held conversation with a friend. We left the doctor's office and I walked across the street with him to his bank. Several students passed and lifted their hats to him. Everyone turned and looked as we passed along. They all love him in Baldwin and they are all watching eagerly for indications of returning strength. He is their Bishop, their friend and they want to keep him as long as they can. On the steps of the bank I took his hand to say "Good bye". "God bless you always" he said and I turned to go. Just then he turned again toward me and said, "you have some friends of mine in your Church at Chicago—please remember me to them." "I will, Bishop" and we parted. Just like him—always thinking of someone. Just this is the explanation of his life. I wish I had the medium by which I could reach every heart in America today and implant there that truth which he gave to me. This sentence will linger with me as long as life and I will use it at every opportunity—"We are not here to live long but to live well, love God and folks—and be glad". You will never know, Bishop, what you have meant to one preacher,—but that preacher knows.

BOOK-CHATS

Many years ago while in Ann Arbor I used to attend occasionally the First Congregational Church where Dr. Carl S. Patton was the minister, Dr. Patton had the largest student attendance of any minister at the University of Michigan. He always impressed me with the lucidity of his thought and the logical presentment of his ideas. For those days he was unusually liberal. After leaving Ann Arbor he succeeded to the pulpit made famous by Washington Gladden in Columbus. From there he was called to an important pulpit on the

Pacific Coast. I was delighted recently to find that he has recently published a delightful volume of only 150 pages on "Religion In the Thought of Today". In such a small compass one would expect that such subjects as evolution, Old and New Testament, philosophy and current religious thought would be inadequately treated, such is not the case with Dr. Patton. This book gives a general view of modern thought and scholarship in religion, If one has the attitude of mind which commands research and study this book will have a great appeal, Dr. Patton has the constructive critical point of view. The book is published by Macmillan.

Another small volume which has been my companion on more than one train journey this winter is "Where Evolution and Religion Meet" by John M. Coulter, Head of the Department of Botany and Merle C. Coulter, assistant Professor Plant Genetics, both of the University of Chicago. The book most convincingly gives a scientific approach to religion. It is always a mark of preparation when one speaks of evolution to manifest a knowledge of what it is and what the best minds say concerning it. There is no more ridiculous and absurd spectacle than listening to an uninformed mind repeat with vehemence and bombast the conventional mis-conceptions concerning evolution. Their ignorance is pathetic yet significant. The first sentence of the above mentioned book is "No Subject of Science seems to be more misunderstood by those who are not biologists than the doctrines of evolution". We don't engage a dentist to amputate a leg, or an architect to make our clothes. Why do men who know nothing of science or evolution take the authority for their intellectual position from men who knew nothing about-either and further more make no pretense of knowing. "Where ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise". Too true all too true! The Coulter Volume is also published by MacMillan.

At this time of the year thousands of young people all over America are being graduated from High Schools, Colleges and Universities. Sometimes when the person being graduated is a friend or relative one has a difficult time in selecting a suitable graduation present. Why not a book? To the graduate there could be no more welcome present or no more lasting one. Once when I was quite a youngster, my father and mother were going to spend the evening in the neighboring village of Holly. They were not to return home until late as the town was nine miles away and it was before the age of automobiles. My mother said to me as she kissed me good-bye. "I will bring you home a book". No other promise of award or reward ever had such an effect upon my conduct as the promise of a book. It always was efficacious. She kept her promise to me—mother always did and the book she brought was a copy of Phillips Brook's Addresses. That book is one of the most prized volumes in my library today and has been of more value to me than almost any other single book I own.

It is very precious to me. I can never estimate its influence. Why not buy that young graduate of yours a book? You never can tell what the extent of the influence might be.

"THESE ARE THE MOST HOPEFUL TIMES I HAVE EVER SEEN

From an address in Anniversary Week

DR. CHARLES W. ELIOT—President Emeritus—Harvard.

I HAVE PROVIDED myself for this occasion with a text, but I am not going to preach a long sermon. My text is taken from the Epistle of James, a very loving desciple, but also a very plain-spoken person who was in our modern sense a very practical disciple. He says: Yea, a man may say, Thou hast faith and I have works; show me thy faith without thy works and I will show thee my faith by my works.

"You have heard today an announcement of a call to good works, a call which has already been issued and is proclaimed, but which is coming on again with unusual force next year, when we celebrate our centennial. How can we strengthen among our own people this ardor for good works? I suppose there is no better means of developing our own ardor than refreshing our minds about the same ardor in our predecessors.

"I have been interested, of course, in one particular form of good works in the American nation. One great accomplishment of the American people has been toleration in religion. But a great other form of demonstration and practice in the Unitarian body and in the nation has been the development of its purpose to do good works, not for one group or any calling or any denomination, but for the whole people, for the public welfare.

"Sometimes I think that the progress of religious liberty is very slow in the world—But now, since the World War began, I clearly see a great acceleration of progress, an acceleration which is in the highest degree hopeful — hopeful for the cause of liberty in general throughout the world, hopeful for democracy throughout the world, hopeful in relation to human welfare and human happiness. I want to testify here and now say that the present times are the most hopeful times that I have ever witnessed. That is true in the Unitarian denomination. These are the most hopeful times I have ever seen, and I have been familiar with the whole history of the Unitarian denomination.

"Let us, therefore, while we exhort each other to good works, see plainly that good works more and more characterize not only the denominational cause in which we heartily believe, but more and more characterize the democratic people of th United States. There has never been a time like the last ten years for the extension of good work in education. Never within my remembrance has progress been so great in the expenditure of money on schools, colleges, universities —on all means of lifting public action into higher fields and making it more strong and more effective. There is no field in which Unitarians have been more conspiciously devoted to good works than in the great field of education. How do I know that? Because I have been watching now for seventy years the giving by Unitarians to all sorts of educational charitable works. Now that giving has never before been as ready, as large, as it has been within the last ten years. Let us, therefore, as Unitarians and as patriots hail the coming time."

"A MOTHER'S DAY SERMON"

By Dr. Bradley—Sunday Morning May 11th, 1924.

There is not a Sunday in the whole year that I look forward to for two different reasons, as this Sunday together with you. The first is that no matter how adequately I feel I have prepared my theme I never feel that I have succeded in exhausting it. No matter how many hours I have contemplated over some of the ideas which I want to give to you or how carefully I feel I have outlined them in logical order so that you would be impressed with the sense of preparation, at the very last moment there is always something comes along and up-sets the whole plan. For there are so many approaches to this theme that when one has prepared a set address upon it and thinks he has found the proper approach that the audience exactly needs then all at once there is a reorganization and readjustment of the entire theme.

And the other thing that I feel at a Mother's Day service is the fact that my memory plays such strange pranks while I am talking; that I think of so many things I want to say that I don't finish up anything I started to say. And I have to watch those two things always on Mother's Day services. Of course, the immensity of the theme, its great broad canvas upon which one must paint, as high as the highest star and then on to another sun, as deep as the deepest sea and then on to another depth, as far to the east until distance stops and space becomes nothingness, away to the west where the chant of a dying earth stills the evening hour of civilization. There goes Mother Love.

Now what sort of a mind and what sort of a heart must any one possess that could exhaust so great a theme as this? And so at best all we can do at this service, in spite of our sense of adequate preparation which will never be evident to you, in spite of all that, I think that this service after all is to be largely one of retrospection rather than anything else.

So this morning on my way to church I left everything I prepared outside. I said this effort to be philosophical about Mother Love, and this effort to have some panacea for the ills of our contemporary life as expressed in reorganized standards of home life and all the things that are so much a part of life, in a service like this the best thing we can do is to leave them unsaid. The thought of Mother is one of those uncommon common place things, for the first identity which we have in this world is with the identity of our Mother, and the first impression which you and I ever make upon the sensitive plate of our souls are the impressions planted there by Mother. For there is something about the affinity between the physical structure that blends over into the spiritual formation, between the heart of a Mother and a child; there is something that is almost psychic about those first early impressions, for that little bundle of almost unconscious energy that is fresh from the heart of Infinite Love in the miracle and mystery of birth will instinctively turn toward the haven of its source and pick its Mother out of a roomful of other women.

The very first link between us and our Mother is that mystical bond union, and immediately by some great process of nature, which, of course, must be the careful consideration of God in His Infinite Love—Mother Love is born. How God must have considered us to give us the sort of a Mother we have.

How God must have deeply and sincerely and ardently had my interest at heart when He gave me my Mother!

Blessed is the man who had a great Mother.

And that little mystical bond of union that makes this little

bundle of flesh look up into the eyes of its Mother, that little babe, that is where we have to begin if we analyze Mother-Love. And who is there then can analyze Love anyhow? This is where the metaphysicians and philosophers rather weary me, for they think it is possible to analyze Love by a series of phrases, used with technical terms of philosophical approach and significance, and when we are all through they say, that is Love. Well, I think one can come nearer an analysis of God than they come near analyzing what a Mother's Love is. For Mother does not stop to reason about her Love, and that is where Mother-Love differs from every other Love the world knows. Now, no matter how deeply you might have been in love with the woman you have married, and no matter how deeply you might be in love with the woman you are going to marry, there are moments in that relationship when you become analytical and you dissect your own feelings of Love. If you don't, you are very foolish.

Men talk very glibly about "God is Love."

God is Love.

Why, before that phrase can mean anything to you you must have some concept of God, what God is, and before it can be complete you must know something of what love is, not merely blindly state "God is Love". Why, God is what your experiences of life have meant to you through Love, not God is the thing itself.

So when we come to an analysis of this idea of every other kind of love, men stop to think about it, men stop to dissect it, men stop and say "I wonder if after all that is the girl for me to marry."

Well, I certainly made a good guess to make so many of you smile.

You analyze your love, and the mere fact that you reacted to it and responded in jollity is evidence to me that what I said is true. I didn't know so many of you have had that experience.

We take all the different kinds of Love, and sooner or later all Love becomes the recipient of our process of thought about it. We become analysts, we become dissecters, we become the surgeon of Love. But there is only one Love that a man never stops to philosophize about, and that is the Love that you bear to your Mother and the Love she bears to you. That is a theme too great for philosophers, and there is not a preacher on earth who can do it justice. Even the poets stumble, and while it has been the theme of dramatists, they always fall just short of doing it justice. Music has come nearer to it than anything else in interpreting Mother-Love, because music is the universal language of mankind, and love of Mother-Love to son and daughter is the most universal Love in the world, so they each should have each other. But music has come nearer exhausting the theme than any one of the other geniuses of creative artistry.

So I think music and Mother-Love, these are the ones that come nearer telling us what it is. Music can only be a great influence over the soul in the form of an ensemble.

What sort of a choir would we have if the base sang when they wanted to sing or any time when they thought they ought to sing, and if the tenors would sing for a few moments any time they wanted to sing? We would have no music. But when we have harmony in music we have obedience to musical laws and then it is universal and all men everywhere can understand it.

Music is the only thing that does not require a language, Music and Mother-Love.

I have heard babies cry in nineteen countries of the world, and they all cry with the same language.

Now do you see what I mean?

Music and Mother-Love, these two things complement each other.

And where is the mind that is big enough or trained enough that can successfully exhaust this theme? Why to me at times, and even as I think of it now, it overwhelms me like an avalanche.

Mother-Love. It is the only love that does not ask for any explanation. Any other sort of love does. The love between friends, the love between husband and wife, and love between pals, the love between playmates, every other love in the world sooner or later is placed in the laboratory for investigation, except one love, Mother's, and the world takes that for granted. No one ever intimates anything else.

And so obviously we are closely associated, early in life, and the sensitive plate of our souls become first touched by the aura of the personality of our Mother. Is there a great responsibility? Just as all love is in proportion to its sense of completeness a responsibility, so a Mother's love becomes the very basis, it sets the standard. Mother-Love is the accepted standard of love, and where Mothers bankrupt that love there is no greater fail. God honored every woman by giving her the milk-glands of a mother, and where that motherhood is not treated with an appreciation of its responsibility that potential mother sinks lower than the depths of prostitution. Mothers who bankrupt their love sink lower than anything else can. God honored woman as He never honored man. Woman is so far superior to man and so more highly honored by the procreating process of continuing life that any man who becomes so exalted with his own egotism as to his own superiority better become a boy again and get back at the knees of his Mother, and have his egotism wielded out of his life by her Love.

Every little while I meet some colossal opinionated biped called a Man who stands up as a direct enemy of all feministic movements and every single criticism that he can find against Woman and her superiority in the profession or in business or anywhere else he states with a great degree of authority, and he always winds up by that phrase (which he thinks is unanswerable) "Woman's place is in the home." That settles that. And that is where he always winds up. "Woman's place is in the home!" So is the man's!

And if we had more men in their own homes we would have a better world in which to live!

There are too many of you men that get such an exalted idea of your importance that you try to keep more than one home. And it can't be done!

The highway of life is strewn with tragedies that tried it. And if anybody else gets you sooner or later your own conscience will. And if you cannot hear the voice of your own conscience what kind of an animal are you? I say, what kind of an animal are you? That is, of course, what you would be, an animal.

I know what's the matter. I know why they say it. Simply this: That the right kind of a woman never yet failed to accomplish the thing she set out to do. That is the reason men have so much to say against the modern woman. Some of you men in business, and some of you in the professions, and some of you in this and some of you in that, some of you men in politics, some of you men in manufacturing lines, some of you here and some of you men there, in all of the activities of life, you better awaken to the fact that when you fall down low enough along comes a woman, and over your bankrupt body will stalk a woman and make a success of it. There are many men now, priding themselves before the world of the great success they have made in life, but if there had not been that little woman in his life he would not have been where he is today.

There is many a man, I venture to say, out here in this audience today that has accomplished a great deal, and a large percent

of what you are, is a woman's love that sent you to the top.

And that is what irritates me sometimes so that I can hardly keep what little religion I have when I get thinking about it, and I see it almost every day. Some man grown manifestly rich, wealthy, like Lord Roseberry of England. Lord Roseberry of England when a boy was gifted with a remarkable mind, and he was asked the three things he wanted. He said "I want to win the English Derby; I am going to be Prime Minister of England, and I am going to be rich." He got all three and he was one of the poorest Prime Ministers England ever had, because he paid so much attention to the other two. And that same principle applies all down through life.

And every little while I come across some fellow that is making a terrible stir in the world; he has grown rich, famous, or something has happened, and that little woman that came into his life and suffered with him and starved with him and slaved with him and inspired him and helped him and was true to him, with a sort of truth that may be he didn't know, and then when he gets high and mighty she is not good enough for him; she hasn't kept up with the latest styles; she lost the art of being a flatterer; cigarettes make her sick, and cocktails disturb her digestion, and she cannot be what he calls "a good sport." So he tries to get rid of her. He wants a plaything, something fine, something brittle; he wants something that has class and distinction! Do you know of any more tragic condition than that? I don't. Furthermore, I don't know of any more ignoble cur! Besides that type of man Tommy O'Connor and Jesse James are gentlemen. Why, I would even prefer bootleggers to a type of man like that.

A man that is playing with life.

There is only one man worse, and that is the man that is ashamed of his Mother. I have seen a few in my life where that was true. Mother didn't dress as good as somebody else. Her hat wasn't quite as good. It was to be a very swell affair. Oh, very swell! All of the bon-ton were to be there! And he was ashamed of his Mother. There are such people, and there are such girls! And right here is where the boys are better than the girls. Let me tell you that. For it is it a rare thing to see a boy or man that is ashamed of his Mother, but I know of several instances where some of these highly modernized sensitive girls have been, particularly in the false standards of the present day. So the thing Mother has concluded to do is to catch up with the daughter. And that is where Mother is right.

What is the use of all the time having the feeling that you are sort of in the way, or you can't be quite as good as anybody else? Ridiculous! Use the only way of bringing them to time. Play the same game. That will fix them. When I see some of these men that are thinking something over that they think they are putting over on that little wife of theirs—they only think they are. They are not. They just think they are. Do you know the way to bring them to time? I told you a minute ago. Get up with the procession. You might as well. It is all going to end in a great catastrophe anyhow.

So I would rather see a Mother about sixty or seventy-five, or eighty, come to me and say what a dear little mother said to me last Sunday after the services. She said "I am eighty-eight, but am deeply interested in life." She said "Yes, I go everywhere the children go. I stay up just as late as they do." Why not? If there is any love in the world that ought to go on it is Mother-Love, because Mother-Love never does grow old.

Mother-Love does not grow old. "Well, you know, I am only your Mother." Haven't you heard mothers say that when they want to say something to the children that is good for the children, and the children, of course, being twentieth century

children, don't think so. And mother says "It is all right. I am only your mother. I am just your mother."

And these children of this type that are so misunderstood. Oh, how they are misunderstood! My, young people are so misunderstood. Nobody understands them.

You pick up books like "None so Blind" and "The Plastic Age" and you read about the fault of youth and the contemporary youth movement, and the one theme running through the whole business (I read two of them this week) was the theme "We are not understood. Nobody understands."

Oh, if they only knew how we did understand them. When I see a young girl about sixteen stamping her feet and saying "Oh, mother, you don't understand." And some boy, all hands and feet, standing up and saying "Oh, dad, it was all right in your day. You belonged to the mid-Victorian age. You don't understand." Poor, poor boy. If he only knew how much dad did understand. Don't think that these fathers and mothers don't understand. They understand more than you will ever know.

And isn't it wonderful that one Sunday out of the whole wide year we can talk about these uncommon common-place things together. Charles Dickens played with the human emotions and he put a heart under every roof of England; Scott always made a courtesy when he came to loyalty, but Charles Dickens played with the human emotions, and under every roof he planted a human heart, because he dealt with the great uncommon common-place things of life. Mother-Love is the greatest uncommon common-place thing that I know of in all the world.

So we cannot help that on a day like this each of us think a lot of our Mother and our own childhood and our own boyhood and the place where we were born, and the little town and the swimming hole and the village pump. They had a village pump in our town right on the corner, and how we used to make our little sail-boats sail in the trough where the horses came to drink. And when we grew a little older we "pailed the cows." You don't know what that is. No, you are city folks. You live in flats and "trick apartments." What do you know about a feather-bed under a roof where you can hear the rain upon the roof all night long and hear the bleating of the sheep. What do you know about it? No, you have to have saxophones and jazz music.

What do you know about Sunday strolling down through the orchard to see if the mushrooms are sprouting and coming? No. No, you have to walk down Sheridan Road and smell gasoline.

And when some tragedy comes into your life, some heart slips away from your home circle, just a little group of friends, somebody from the South Side, somebody from the West Side, somebody from Austin, somebody from South Chicago—they all come. And it is so cold, so methodical, so business-like. We pick out coffins for our dead in the city. It is almost purely a business transaction. How business-like your undertakers are when a tragedy occurs in the home. I know, because every week I am in some home, sometimes two or three of them. I have been there just when the heart grew so tired it could not start again. The blood stopped. I have seen them come in. It is the city way of doing things. And if that was all I had known my heart would be as hard as some of yours. I would have the same mark of the city upon me. But I thank God that there is a hay-seed in my hair, and it is never coming out. I am just a plain country man, and I am going to stay one, and your city can't change me. And if you city folks don't like it and you get through being good to me I know a little place in the country where I can go. It has a lake! And it has pine trees, virgin cedars, and when you get up there in the morning

you just walk out. Walk right out just as you got out of bed. There isn't an eye within many miles to see. You city folks can't do it. No, they would arrest you.

How do you city folks ever sing "Home of the free, land of the brave?"

Hardly any of you have bravery enough to step out of the conventional. You are all slaves. You wear your clothes and everything just like some people watch the barometer. In the winter you wear straw hats in February and felt hats in August. Styles surge and sweep through your hearts just like passing romances, fluttering leaves that fall from a tree. You are not brave. No. You are not brave, but I feel sorry for you. I do, because there is so much that is in life that the city cannot give.

You know, sometimes I just wonder how much of the trouble of the city is due to the psychology of congestion. And as for hotels. I know some of you live in hotels. Probably some hotel-keepers here today. You won't like what I say. How do you do it?

Home. Mother.

I want things that are mine, things of association, love. I have some old chairs in my house about one hundred years old. You wouldn't have them. Junk. Junk! you say. They are not modern? Oh, yes they are. Yes, they are. The most modern thing in the world is love, and true love. There are the two things that never grow old, and never get cold, true love.

"What God hath joined together, let no man put asunder."

We say in America:

"What Love hath joined together, Love only can keep together."

That is gospel. It is Love.

So you have such cold ways of doing things in the city, but ah, it is different in the country.

When some tragedy comes in your home out there, what happens? I will tell you. There you find out what neighbors are. You find out easy enough in the city, some of them. If any of your business they don't know, they will find out.

Neighbors of the city are far different things than neighbors in the country. You let some some tragedy happen to you in the country, You let some tragedy happen to you in the country, when that little life goes out, how they come. The man that you tried to cheat in the horse-trade, he comes; the man you had a row with on Saturday night—that is the big time, Saturday night, everybody goes to town and they get back home by nine, because they have to go to church on Sunday morning. They are always on time in the country. They all come. Every one of them. And when they come into the door one by one they know what has happened, and you know it. And you can just go and put your arms around them. At a time when you want somebody, somebody who knows all about it. And isn't it a great thing to be that somebody?

Oh, when I go into a home of grief, and they come to me, and you just put your arms out, and in just a moment they are themselves again—just themselves, and then all at once they stop and think, "Oh, excuse me. This is the city, I forgot." Back again to the old standard.

But out there it is different. And they all whisper, and there is never any hurry. No. Never any hurry. There is no rush. And the man who comes in softly and tenderly care for the dead body of your loved one is not in there for money. Why, he is your neighbor. He lives next door to you.

It happened in my little town when my Mother slipped away. They grew up together, and the undertaker was not just a part of it. His heart was there too. He comes tenderly and lovingly and lingers in his work of need and necessity. That is different.

Somehow I think today that so many of our trouble would be over and so many of our problems would be solved if we could all of us just have a little more true and genuine sympathy and understanding for each other, instead of always organizing our relationship on the basis of city ways. To know you is to love you, and to know all is to forgive all. So let us get acquainted with each other.

Let us get acquainted with each other. And when we get so that we know each other thoroughly and completely everything else will take care of itself. Everything will adjust itself and everything will be perfect and all right.

Now I think there clusters around this Mother's Day memories and thoughts of how things will always come out right, and in the end there is always the thought, the inspiration and the spirit of Mother. Some of the happiest hours I have know have been hours not when I felt the thrill of triumph before a great audience, not when I had done this or that. No. The greatest hours I have ever known in my life have been hours when I have been all alone. May be a few moments before you drop off into sleep, in the ante-room of sleep—the twin-sister of death—just before that. Some memory of yesteryear would come and a little black-eyed woman would materialize again, and if I had not been what I ought to have been—(it was not thought of hell, it was not thought of heaven that shamed me). Nobody can fathom what it means to be condemned by God. Nobody can. There is not a man in this audience, whether orthodox or not, Presbyterian or Methodist or Roman Catholic, none of you yet know what it means to be condemned by God. You don't know what God's condemnation is. But, oh, there is not a heart here that doesn't know what it means to be condemned by a Mother. How many of you this morning, if you could, where your Mother is sleeping,—how many of you wouldn't give everything you have,—everything if you could go back and tear that ugly word that you used toward her once out of your life? Wouldn't you? You have never forgotten it. If you could only go back and tear it out of your own heart! Well, you can't call it back. It is over.

And how many of you when that great experience come into her life, and those hands worked and washed and sewed for you, long after you were in bed at night tucked up in the comforters; who went to see if there was a button off somewhere or what socks you had to put on in the morning? Who went to see what shape your shirt was in? Who was that? It was your Mother. And when it was all over and she was quiet and still, and you stood by her side, then you started to tell her. Oh, Mother, Mother! Idle words, frozen words!

Great God, people, those who have your mothers by your side today, why don't you tell her now and not wait until after they are cold and dead!

Some of you are great big, strapping men who have sons and daughters of your own, you say you don't want to be sentimental and mushy. You don't want to be sentimental. Some of you folks who have that little mother by your side, it would be better for you if you were a little sentimental. Some of you folks have not been a child for a long time. Just go ahead and be a little foolish for a few minutes. Go on and be foolish today over Mother.

Some of you folks can act like fools over some silly little thing that is not worth sitting down to the table with and some of you folks can be silly on a bus or street car or automobile when you are on your way downtown in the morning and somebody stands on the corner that is so tired out they just couldn't walk another block. You can be awfully silly then. And you talk about being sentimental. Go on home and be sentimental with Mother. Tell her, "Well, I love you best of all." Tell her now. There are a lot of things hidden away in this heart that is going to take a long time when I see Mother to

straighten out. With some of you it is going to take a long time to straighten out some of your things.

Every little while some boy will say to me, "Oh, I don't want to be tied to Mother's apron strings." You know. And then some foolish father—isn't it tragic that some folks want children and love them and would like to have about fifty and can't have them, and then folks that have them don't want them? That is one of the strangest things of life that I never quite understood. I never can quite understand that. But it is there just the same. You can't help it. So it is no use trying to understand.

So when some boy says, "I don't want to be tied to Mother's apron strings," some foolish father will say: "You know it is all right. He has to sow his wild oats."

Let me say to that father, and let me burn this into your heart, that there is only one thing in the world a boy reaps from sowing his wild oats, and do you know what it is? Wild oats!

That is what you reap. For the truest sentence in the world is: "Whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap."

Don't think you can play with sin, and not reap. You can't.

So today let us all resolve when we go home, just sort of live the ideal that Mother had for us.

And just in passing I want to say a word for the sort of mother that is sometimes forgotten, and that is the sort of mother called step-mother. I know that step-mothers as a rule are not better than step-fathers, and they are sometimes no good at all. But there is a type of mother that is sometimes called step-mother, and only this week I received a letter from a woman who is rather prominent in this city and she suggested this to me in a letter where she said: "Dr. Bradley: I have heard every Mother Day service you have preached in the past ten years, and there is one thing I would like for you to say, and that is something about step-mothers." Because, she said, "My own mother died when I was two years old. My father married three years later, and when I was five my new mother came into our home, and she has been a Mother to me all of these years. Say something good about step-mothers."

I never had a step-mother in the formative years of my life. I don't know what the reactions are, but I do know it must be a wonderful opportunity—a wonderful opportunity! And there are folks all over the world that are just bursting with love, folks that love everybody and want to help everybody and that manifest love even toward those that are not their own.

So today for a little while I wanted to bring you these commonplace things about an uncommon love and I want each of you today to just sort of pull together, reorganize, and look toward the future. I, want you to be the sort of person that she dreamed for you because there is nothing in this world that I think is so effulgent and radiant with true happiness as for a Mother to live long enough to be proud of the life that she went down until she felt the cold waters of death creeping up on her ankles, that she might give that life to the world. I don't think that there is any greater happiness in the world, certainly there could not be, than for a Mother to live long enough to be proud of her boy, and proud of her girl.

And when Mother is gone, we can still press on and on and on and on in the life of that Mother's wish, and from far out from the dance somewhere her heart and soul does know and see, and she can look down the highway of the clouds, and she can push away the stars long enough to see our physical human plane, and perhaps heaven will be a little sweeter for her. For all Mothers must go to Heaven. That is what Heaven is for, for Mothers. And perhaps she can look at us and point her finger and say: "There he goes. Look, there he goes. See that tall fellow ahead of the crowd? See them all

cheering. Look. That is my boy. That is he. And what a little devil he was. But there he goes. There he goes, ahead of the crowd. That is he."

Well, that is one side of this Mother-Love.

And then when the crowd begins to change its cheers to hisses, and when it begins to tear and scar your heart and you stand with your back against the cold wall of the world, and lions and vultures are leaping at you to scar and hurt you, and through their damnable trickery and underhandedness you are standing there alone, fighting and fighting,—who is it then that does not join the mob; who is it that is parting the crowd? See her coming. She is pushing them aside. There is a look in her face that no man dare stop her. She means to get through. Who is that coming there, with her face aflame, with a strange emotion. Watch out. Why, she is taking her place by your side. She stands by your side and she says: "He is my son. He is my son. And whatever you do or whatever you say he is my boy."

And the last heart standing by you is the heart of your Mother. She is with you when the rest are all gone.

Stephen Decatur said: "My country * * * May she always be in the right; but right or wrong, my country."

I say to you:

"My mother. May she always be in the right, but right or wrong, my Mother."

THE PEOPLES CHURCH

Pantheon Theater
4650 SHERIDAN ROAD, CHICAGO.
Sundays—10:30 A M.

Affiliated with: American Unitarian Association, Boston; Western Unitarian Conference, Chicago; National Federation of Religious Liberals, Chicago.

PASTOR

Preston Bradley, D. C. L.

EXECUTIVE OFFICERS

C. K. Anderson, President
531 Roscoe Street Wellington 4912
Fred'k. W. Spelz, Vice President
661 Irving Park Blvd. Lakeview 6696
Mrs. Philip E. Goold Secretary
919 Sheridan Road Wellington 6147
Thos. A. Harrison, Treasurer
938 Lawrence Ave Sunnyside 5412

BOARD OF TRUSTEES

Thos. A. Harrison Thos. F. Manning
Fred'k. W. Spelz H. A. Borresen
C. K. Anderson G. U. Gairing
J. F. Hecht Dr. C. B. Gibson
William Herzog Nathan T. Ladenson
Mrs. Philip E. Goold

WOMAN'S CLUB OF THE PEOPLES CHURCH

Mrs. A. W. Fuchs, President
1611 Wilson Avenue Sunnyside 1324
Mrs. C. P. Boyle, Vice-President
814 Lawrence Avenue Sunnyside 6391
Mrs. W. H. Hermsdorf, Rec. Secy.
4511 N. Francisco Ave. Irving 4141
Miss Meta Roth Brand, Treasurer
1732 Chase Avenue Rogers Park 8082
Mrs. S. J. Storfer, Cor. Secy.
1013 Ainslie Street Sunnyside 5032

DIRECTORS OF THE PEOPLES CHURCH WOMAN'S CLUB

Mrs. Preston Bradley, Mrs. G. P. Boyle, Mrs. A. W. Fuchs, Mrs. G. U. Gairing, Mrs. Paul Megelin, Mrs. S. J. Storfer, Mrs. Dora Reynolds, Miss M. R. Brand, Mrs. Frank A. Goold, Mrs. H. R. Dalrymple, Mrs. W. H. Hermsdorf.

THE TEMPLE CLUB

James Griffin, President
927 Galt Ave. Edgewater 4342
Newman A. Dumont, Vice President
725 Wilson Ave. Edgewater 6406
Miss Gertrude Jacobs, Recording Secy.
4728 Virginia St. Ravenswood 2954
Miss Beatrice Jordan, Cor. Secy.
912 Sunnyside Ave. Sunnyside 5643
Lemar Hesselberg, Treasurer
823 Lawrence Ave. Sunnyside 4771
Mr. and Mrs. Thos. A. Harrison, Chaperons
938 Lawrence Ave. Sunnyside 5412

COMMITTEE CHAIRMEN

Nathan T. Ladenson, Church Service
6920 Sheridan Road Sheldrake 7677
Mrs Philip E. Goold, Social
919 Sheridan Road Wellington 6147
Thos. F. Manning, Finance & Auditing
Sheridan Plaza Hotel Victory 9220
Mrs. Chas. W. Corning, Sermon Table
4118 N. Lawndale Ave. Irving 3939

MUSICAL DIRECTOR

Mr. DeWitt Durgin Lash,
420 Fine Arts Building

ORGANIST

Dr. A. P. Baur, 2300 Estes Ave.

THE LIBERAL

Published monthly by The Peoples Church. Copyrighted, June, 1924. By Preston Bradley.

Preston Bradley ..... Editor

Grace Thayer Bradley .....
..... Associate Editor

Mrs. P. E Goold .... Business Manager
919 Sheridan Road Wellington 6147

William Saunders, Advertising Manager
7028 N. Clark St. Rogers Park 0220

Mail all subscriptions to the Business Manager and all matters in regard to the advertising to the Advertising Manager.

"THE LIBERAL" will be mailed to any address in the United States for one dollar a year. In Canada and foreign countries the price is one dollar and fifty cents. Ten cents per copy.

SUBSCRIBE NOW!

"The Liberal" will be the medium by which the church and Dr. Bradley will keep in touch with each other during the summer vacation period. Only enough copies will be printed to meet the subscription list. Dr. Bradley will write the Editorials from his summer home on Black Duck Island at Tower Minnesota. Each issue will also contain one sermon delivered during the year. The July number will contain the annual Baccalaureate address on "The Revolt of Youth" delivered the closing Sunday of the Church. The Church activities will be featured in every issue. Every member and friend of the various organizations affiliated with the Church ought to have their names on the subscription list now if they desire the summer issues. Every effort is being made in the magazine to make it worth while. Every dollar received, except the cost of mailing, goes directly into the general fund of the Church. By subscribing you not only get value received for your subscription money but you are assisting the church with its operating expenses. If you are already a subscriber why not subscribe for some friend. The reception of "The Liberal" has been remarkable. Already there are many subscriptions from outside of the city. will you not further assist by mentioning "The Liberal" when making purchases from advertisers. You will find a subscription blank at the begining of the advertising section. Please fill out and mail to Mrs. P. E. Gold, 919 Sheridan Road. It is necessary that we know how many copies to publish of the July number at once.

THE TEMPLE CLUB

The Temple Club which is composed of the younger group of the church has a Membership Campaign underway. They are maintaining a table of information in the lobby during the service. The Club is planning several interesting events for the summer months. When church opens in the fall they will resume their regular meetings twice a month. They are planning some very fine educational and social events.

Dr. Bradley will give a course of lectures under their auspices and other speakers will appear from time to time. The young people of the church are cordially invited to unite with this organization. Information may be had from Miss Beatrice Jordan, 912 Sunnyside Avenue.

AN APOLOGY

In the last issue of "The Liberal" the article regarding the Women's Club contained two series omissions, due to the error of the printer. The copy was not defective. The name of Mrs. H. R. Dalrymple was omitted from the list of the new directors of the Women's Club at the Annual meeting. The other omission was that a basket of flowers was presented to Mrs. C. W. Diencke, who was the faithful and efficient chairman of the Philanthropic Department. Mrs. Diencke gave unhesistatingly of her time and energy and merits recognition in an especial manner.

G. T. B.

CHURCH NEWS

The Annual meeting of the members of the Peoples Church will be held Monday evening, June 9th, in the West room of the new addition of the Edgewater Beach Hotel. The reports of the church activities will be given and four members elected to the Board of Trustees. A dinner will be served in the Marine Dining Room at 6:30. Those who do not attend the dinner are requested to attend the meeting at 8 o'clock. Every member of the church is urged to be present. Dr. Bradley will give an address on "The Church of the Future."

The church closes for the summer vacation period Sunday, June 8th. The next service will be held in the Pantheon Theater, Sunday morning, October 5th. This has been the most successful year in the history of the Peoples Church. The attendance has exceeded any previous year. Dr. Bradley closes the twelfth year of his pastorate and has been called to serve the church for the succeeding year. Every organization affiliated with the church is in flourishing condition and will continue their respective activities during the summer.

The Women's Club will hold a Matinee Party Wednesday, June 11th. They will see "Wild Flower." Those who desire to attend will kindly get in communication with Mrs. C. L. Roberts, 633 Cornelia Avenue. Phone Graceland 5220.

Mr. Henry Dean Chapman, one of the loyal workers in the church, and a pupil of Mrs. Fannie B. Linderman of the Chicago Musical College, School of Expression and Dramatic Art took part in the play "The Dream Maker," given before the Bookfellows at their annual banquet in the Auditorium Motel, May 10th. Mr. Chapman also gave recently a dramatic reading written by himself entitled "The Woman in the Photograph," at the College Recital Hall.

The Woman's Club of the Church will hold various Outing Parties during the summer. They are planning several lake trips and picnics.

Miss Florence Mellum, a member of the Chorus Choir, met with a serious accident recently. She was hit by an automobile, breaking three ribs and sustaining other injuries. Her condition is now improving.

Mr. Charles Jacobs, one of the active workers of the Temple Club, has returned to the city after several weeks' absence on a business trip.

Dr. Bradley recently gave the Commencement Addresses for the following schools—High Schools at Mason City and Charles City, Iowa. Defiance, Ohio and Ellsworth College at Iowa Falls, Iowa. He is a member of the Board of Trustees of Ellsworth College, which is the only independent college in the state. The College has an enrollment of 519 students and is one of the finest educational institutions in the Middle West.

The church will resume its services Sunday morning, October 5th, in the Pantheon Theater. W. Q. J. will broadcast the services next year. This is one of the most powerful stations in Chicago and is being heard on both sea coasts, Mexico and Canada.

The Women's Club will hold its first meeting in the fall on Monday, October 6th. A luncheon will be served at the Edgewater Beach Hotel.

Dr. and Mrs. Bradley will leave Tuesday, June 10th for their summer home "Arden Lodge" on Black Duck Island, Lake Vermilion, Tower, Minnesota, where they will spend the summer. They will be pleased to hear from any of the church friends during the summer.

Only enough copies of the July, August and September numbers of "The Liberal" will be printed to meet the demands of the Subscription List. If you desire these issues mailed to you kindly send or phone your name to Mrs. P. E. Goold, 919 Sheridan Road, phone Wellington 6147. Mrs. Goold will gladly place your name on the Subscription List.

Mrs. H. Goodfellow and Mrs. Dudgeon, who are two of the oldest and most faithful friends of our church, have been prevented from attending the services for several weeks because of illness. They are both on the way to recovery.

Theodore Otis Gibson, the son of Dr. and Mrs. Mrs. Charles Brockway Gibson, was christened at the Memorial Day Service in the church. Dr. Gibson was with the American Red Cross, stationed in the Balkans, during the war.

Probably the champion of the long distance record of church attendance is Mr. Rupert F. Fry of Milwaukee. Mr. Fry attends the services of the church regularly, coming down from Milwaukee every Sunday morning. He is the President of the Old Line Life Insurance Co. of America.

THE PEOPLES CHURCH CHORUS CHOIR

The Peoples Church Chorus Choir was organized Thursday, March the 23rd, in the Graemme Stewart School Auditorium, with nineteen sopranos, six altos, three tenors and two basses, and three visitors. The plan was to have a choir of fifty voices. New members were taken in until this number was reached and the choir had its first appearance on Easter Sunday, April 20th.

On this date, four anthems were given, and the choir have presented two anthems each Sunday since that date, and will have rehearsed and presented twenty anthems in the time from March, the 23rd, until the close of the season, June the 8th.

The choir at the present time has a membership of sixty-eight, and will gradually be increased to one hundred voices for next year.

It is no small matter to organize, amalgamate, and train such a choir in such a short time, and have them present their work with the degree of acceptability that has been accorded them each Sunday as they have been accepted.

I bespeak a wonderful choir when time has been given to mold the ensemble, and build a balance

of parts such as I feel confident can be done with the material in the Peoples Church, if those who are capable will come with us, and by so doing show their interest and willingness to help our church in its great work for the Master whom we all serve.

With the opportunity which will present itself next year when the Service is broadcasted, the good which we can do cannot be estimated, and it is a most worthy cause.

We should do this and by so doing uphold and support our pastor to the utmost.

The Board of Trustees very generously gave the director an order on the E. R. Moore Company for fifty beautiful robes, and it is an inspiring sight to see the choir in their processional and recessional each Sunday.

With this beginning, it is impossible to predict what good the great choir of one hundred voices, and the wonderful organ to support them can accomplish.

We appreciate your co-operation, and feel sure that the coming year is to be the greatest year in the history of The Peoples Church of Chicago.

May God bless the work of the Choir and make it a power for good in the community, where the need is so great, and the opportunity unlimited.

Yours very sincerely,
DeWitt Durgin Lash,
Director.

SPECIAL NOTICE

The Lash Studio announces a closing concert for the 19th of June in the Assembly Hall in the Fine Arts Building.

The First Part of the Program will be "The Morning of the Year" by Charles Wakefield Cadman, with Beatrice Wood, soprano, Maurine Mason, alto, Jay Sawyer, tenor, and Warren Barnum, baritone, in the solo parts, supported by a chorus of thirty voices, composed of former and present pupils of the Studio.

The Second Part of the program will be given by Esther Walrath Lash, soprano, and Margaret Gary, pianist.

Tickets for the concert will be on sale on and after June the 5th, at the office of the Fine Arts Building and the Lash Studio, 420 Fine Arts Building. Phone Wabash 8662.

This concert will be well worth your while, and your interest and attendance will be greatly appreciated by your choir director, who will conduct the concert.

WOMAN'S CLUB GIVES LAST PROGRAM FOR THE SEASON

The Woman's Club held their last formal meeting of this season Monday, May 26th, at the Edgewater Beach Hotel. At the business meeting preceding the program Mrs. A. W. Fuchs, President, presided. The Club voted to join the State Federation of Woman's Clubs and the City Federation also. A motion was made and carried unanimously to recommend Mrs. Fuchs to the Trustees of the Church to act as representative for the Woman's Club on the Board of Directors; action to be taken at the Congregational meeting, June 9th. At 2:30 the program was opened by a group of songs, which Miss Loretta Leidell rendered in her delightful soprano, adding her sweet personality to the charm of her voice. Dr. Preston Bradley was the speaker of the afternoon, his subject being, "Hidden Harmonies, a Nature Talk." Before launching into his lecture Dr. Bradley chose to talk a few minutes in his own inimitable way about the work for next season, highly commending the program planned by Mrs. H. R. Dalrymple, Chairman of the Educational Department, and Mrs. Dora Reynolds, Chairman of Philanthropic Department. Dr. Bradley urged the women to prepare for these programs of next season by reading during the summer literature on the subjects chosen. The lecture was highly inspirational, bringing a message of spiritual beauty and holding with rapt attention the audience of over a

hundred and fifty members and guests of the Woman's Club. Miss Leidell fittingly closed the program with three lovely nature songs, "Rain Drops," "Loves at Spring Time" and "Trees." The Chairman, Mrs. Bradley, then announced that the gift of spring flowers on the desk, the music and Dr. Bradley's lecture were not the only "hidden harmonies" of the afternoon, she asked Mrs. Fuchs to uncover the "surprise package." Mrs. Fuchs made a little speech, sparkling with wit, yet seasoned with earnestness, she thanked Dr. Bradley for the lectures, which he has given gratis for the Club, spoke of his disappointment at not winning the quilt raffled at the bazaar, and said that as a token of appreciation and esteem the ladies wished to present him with a gift to which all the members had contributed their "bit"—each one giving a piece of silk that under the manipulation of Mrs. Swarthout's deft fingers had become a thing of beauty and a joy forever! Little Mrs. Swarthout (some seventy summers young!) came forward, her arms filled with a gorgeous bouquet of silk, and she placed in Dr. Bradley's hands the wonderful quilt which she had made. Not often have we seen our pastor at a loss for words—but this time he found difficulty in expressing his thanks, and in a voice not quite steady he said he had never been so completely surprised nor had a gift he would appreciate as much.

A note of sadness was introduced when good-byes were said and Dr. and Mrs. Bradley bade their friends God-speed and wished them a happy summer-time!

G. T. B.

WOMAN'S CLUB

Educational Department Adopts Year's Programme

Mrs. H. R. Dalrymple chairman of the Educational Dept. of the Woman's Club presented three complete programs for next year's work to the Educational Dept. at the last meeting at Mrs. Reynolds 918 Sunnyside Ave., May 19th. These programs were discussed by the members and a ballot taken resulting in the adoption of the Program which Mrs. Dalrymple has termed "The Old World in Chicago". The conception of this program, the work involved to even present it for indorsement proves that the members of the Educational Dept. made no mistake when they chose their leader, the trust was placed in most worthy hands.

Following is the program presented to the Club by Mrs. Dalrymple.—G. T. B.

PROGRAM FOR WOMAN'S CLUB

Educational Department

That the work of the two departments, Philanthropic and Educational, might be correlated, has been the hope of Mrs. A. W. Fuchs, President of the Woman's Club of the Peoples Church.

As a means for such a correlation a study out line was adopted by the Club at its regular meeting, May 19th. The ready response and interest shown by members of the Club indicate that the plan will be of value to all of us.

This plan will form the basis used by each chairman in building her own program for the work of two meetings.

The able assistance of Miss Farguhar of the Readers Bureau, Chicago Public Library is acknowledged and her help in making the necessary bibliographies will be available during the year.

America has long been called "The Melting pot of Europe". In order that the product of the fusion may be perfect, and that no valuable metals added by any nationality may be lost, it is necessary that we understand what elements the various peoples contribute. Our civilization should become the fullest and the best of the world, for it has fallen heir to the culture of all races of all ages.

The purpose of this course is to learn through a study of the history and culture (particularly

literature) of some of the foreign elements in Chicago, something of the potential gifts which they brought with them; to study these races in our midst.

Information on the life of the groups in Chicago and the institutions working with them, must be procured largely by personal visits and interviews, and research work.

The order of presentation of the topics has not been settled, because events of the summer may determine that for us.

The outline as adopted is as follows:

The Old World in Chicago. What it brings to us and what we owe to it.

Russia and the Russians

The art and music of Russia; Russian social life; Landmarks in Russian literature.

The Russians in Chicago

Distribution; Agencies working with them: The Russian as a citizen.

The Italians

Our debt to Rome; Our debt to Italian literature; Life in Italy today.

Little Italy in Chicago

Italian colonies in our city; Eli Bates Settlement and Hull House; Sons of Italy of whom Chicago is proud.

The Jews

The culture of ancient Israel; The contribution of the Jew to our present culture; Jewish family life; Jews who have contributed to the good of civilization.

The Jews in Chicago

Location and the institutions working with them; The U. S. through Jewish immigrant eyes; Leaders among the Jews of Chicago.

The Negro

The negro and education; The negro's contribution to art and literature; The tragedy of the race.

The Negro in Chicago

Distribution and density of the negro population in Chicago; The negro as a neighbor; Suggestions for the possible solution of the race problem.

Japan and its People

The Japanese at home; Japanese art; The modern Japanese.

Japanese in Chicago

Japanese building at World's Fair; Japanese quarters in Chicago; The Japanese exclusion bill.

Bohemians and Czechs

Characterization of the Bohemians; Bohemians in history; Masaryk and the new Czech-Slovakian Republic.

The Czechs in America

Mararyk in America; Czechs in the U. S. Chicago as a Czech city.

Poland and the Poles

National characteristics; Poland in art and literature; Polish statesmen.

The Poles in Chicago

Chicago as a Polish center; Economic and social conditions of the people in the Polish groups; Assimilation of the Pole.

The Greeks

Greece; Athens; The Modern; The Birthright which he has lost.

The Greeks in Chicago

Character and location of the Greek Colonies; Work among the Greeks at Hull House; What the Modern Greek can pass on to his children as a fitting substitute for his country's tradition.

Alta S. Dalrymple, Chairman
Educational Department

SUBSCRIPTION BLANK

Mrs. P. E. Goold,
919 Sheridan Road,
Chicago, Ill.

Kindly place my name on the Subscription List of "The Liberal" for one year. Enclosed find one dollar.

Name .....

Address .....

EDOUARD HESSELBERG

(Pianist-Composer)

announces the opening of his

Pianoforte Studios

(Repertoire—Coaching—Ensemble).

Residence Studio, 823 Lawrence Ave.
Sunnyside 4771
Downtown Studio, 800 Fine Arts Bldg.
Phone Harrison 4789

INTERVIEWS BY APPOINTMENT

GEORGE KLANER

FUNERAL DIRECTOR

Motor Ambulances

Phone Edgewater 2966

4717 BROADWAY

Chicago

Flowers are the most personal and fitting expression of the Easter spirit.

—For the home
—For the sickroom
—As gifts to others

ALBERT HALL FLORIST

Quality and Service

Sheridan Plaza Hotel Bldg.
4611 Sheridan Road

PHONE EDGEWATER 2670

Yes, We Deliver Promptly

All good Uptown people read The North Shore News. Why? Because it covers the doings of the churches, social clubs, home and society notes, real estate; in face everything for the moral, social and business advancement of Uptown Chicago. The postman will bring it to your home every Saturday for $1.00, a year trial subscription.

THE NORTH SHORE NEWS

(ESTABLISHED 33 YEARS)

7028 NORTH CLARK ST. PH. ROGERS PARK 0220

AMBROSE J. KRIER

CLOTHING, FURNISHINGS and HATS

1030 WILSON AVE.

Edgewater 5017

Open Evenings

Dine—Dance at

BEACH VIEW GARDEN

Wilson at Clarendon

Delicious Dinner and A la Carte Service

Give us a Trial!

Refined Music

"Forty Years of Service"

Confidence in our ability to please you in Cleaning and Dyeing of Garments, Draperies, Rugs, Etc., leads us to respectfully solicit your patronage. We have a special Department for Cleaning, Pressing and Repairing.

Gentlemen's Clothing

ANTON GRAF & SON

CLEANERS and DYERS

Main Office and Works:
215-217-219 W. DIVISION STREET
Telephone Diversey 0718

Branches:
2670 NORTH CLARK STREET
Telephone Diversey 2750
4103 BROADWAY
Telephone Lake View 0069

Schiller

FLOWERS

LAST LONGEST

4509 BROADWAY

Telephone Ravenswood 7550

For Good Things to Eat

Go To

THE AVERY BAKERY & DELICATESSEN

J. C. BAGGE & SON, Props.

1123 WILSON AVE.

Edgewater 2420

1025 WILSON AVE.

Sunnyside 6698

Member Cook Co. Real Estate Board

and Board of Underwriters

Phone Sheldrake 1230

J. F. HECHT

REAL ESTATE AND LOANS

Renting — Insurance

Deals made under "Torrens System"

1509 DEVON AVENUE

HELD & HAGEN

Builders' and General Hardware

Cutlery, Tools and Stoves

3341-43 NORTH CLARK STREET

Lake View 661

Order Trade a Specialty

KOLBE BROS.

Choice Meats and

High Grade Groceries

3000 and 3002 BROADWAY

Phones Lake View 236 and 2256

DID YOU EVER TRY

M. SKOOGLUND'S CAFETERIA

1136-38 WILSON AVENUE SUNNYSIDE 1044

3020 N. Tripp Ave. — Phone Kildare 1000
1029 University Place, Evanston—Phone Evanston 1318

WIELAND DAIRY COMPANY

GENERAL OFFICE AND DISTRIBUTING STATION

3642-44 Broadway *Telephone Lake View 2900*

You will take a greater interest in your home when the interest on your savings helps to buy it.

LAKE VIEW STATE BANK

3179 North Clark Street

Corner Belmont Avenue

CAPITAL and SURPLUS $400,000.00

"Save For a Home" in a "Real Home" Bank

WELLINGTON 5332

Paints, Varnishes, Stains, Draperies, Curtains, Shades

PARKER & STOCKMAN ART AND GIFT SHOPPE

3124 Broadway

INTERIOR DECORATING

Have Your Work Done Early

Lamps, Vases, Smokers, Mirrors, Pillows, Pictures, Book Ends, Candle Sticks, Xmas Candles, Table Runners, Imported Glass Ware, Shades—Parchment and Silk.

Open Evenings

K. H. PARKER R. H. STOCKMAN

DO YOU KNOW THAT IN CHICAGO IS AMERICA'S FOREMOST HEALTH FOOD STORE?

Right here, right in your midst is a store so unique that many people have declared that in all their travels they have seen nothing just like it. The Berhalters have specialized in scientifically prepared natural foods for a quarter of a century. Naturally they are experts and enjoy this distinction. They will prove to you that you can now enjoy the utmost in vitamin foods that will strengthen your body and build your mind. You'll add precious years to your life if you'll give your body the consideration it deserves and requires in wholesome nutriment.

YOU ARE CORDIALLY INVITED

to visit our health food store at 1423 N. Clark St., only a few blocks from the loop. You'll find it a real institution—a pleasing surprise. You'll sense an atmosphere of health—and varied display of the BERHALTER'S HEALTH FOOD will arouse your desire and stimulate your appetite. You'll crave for some of the good foods in life that you've unknowingly missed. There's a tremendous surprise in store for you, and you'll never regret acting on this invitation to become acquainted with Berhalter's at Once.

BERHALTER'S COOKED WHOLE WHEAT

Ready to Serve in cans

SERVE THIS WAY

Immerse can in boiling water from five to ten minutes. Then remove contents and sweeten either with brown sugar, honey or maple syrup. Add cream with either crushed prunes or raisins. Oh, Boy!

BERHALTER'S

Superior Whole Wheat Flour

Stoneground 100% Whole Wheat Flour for sale in any quantity.
Whole Wheat Bread (plain and fruit).
Bran Bread.
Whole Rye Bread.
Whole Wheat Cookies (variety).
Whole Wheat Pie (variety).
Whole Wheat Layer Cake (variety).
Whole Wheat Cup Cakes (variety).
Pure Clover Honey.
Pure Olive Oil (Variety).
Unsulphured Dried Fruits.
Figs (Variety).
Nuts—in shell (variety).
Nut Meats (variety)
Unfermented Fruit Juices, including Dr. Wagner's Wild Fruit Juices and Variety of Other Natural Foods.

Write for Free Price List

Other physical culture and Health food books for sale.

Telephone Superior 1289

1423 NORTH CLARK ST., CHICAGO, ILL.

THE CEMETERY BEAUTIFUL

Planted amidst nature's own beauty, man has created a beautiful park cemetery. The sunken gardens, the winding paths, and the imposing chapel makes this spot a vision of beauty. It is indeed a fitting final resting place for our beloved ones.

MEMORIAL PARK CEMETERY AND ANNEX

Gross Point Road and Harrison St.

½ Mile West of Evanston

We want you to visit this cemetery. You will find it interesting and attractive. You should reserve for yourself a family lot—all lots in Memorial Park are sold with full perpetual care guaranteed. Suitable easy payments—no interest. Don't miss this opportunity.

YOU ARE INVITED

to call or write to the main office, 703 Marquette Bldg., and make appointments to have one of our representatives call for you in an automobile to take you to and from the cemetery. No obligation. Investigate NOW!

CENTRAL CEMETERY CO.

703 Marquette Bldg. Dept. 0000 Chicago

Our perpetual care funds are on deposit with the Trust Department of the Central Trust of Illinois.

RIVIERA HAND LAUNDRY

Cleaning and Dyeing
Silk Shirts repaired and washed
We do mending

Phone Sunnyside 5450
4718 N. RACINE AVE.

MADAME PAULINE

4425 BOARDWAY
Specializing in Marcelling
Permanent Waving
Scalp Treatment
Hair Tinting
We offer a choice selection of
Hair Goods
Phone Edgewater 2777

DR. N. TUVESON
DENTIST
Builders' & Merchants' Bank Bldg.
5153 NORTH CLARK STREET
X-Ray Laboratory
Tel. Edgewater 0084

ON ICE!

BOWMAN'S MILK is packed in pure artesian water ice and shipped direct in refrigerator cars to your neighborhood.

Our clean, white wagons are waiting there to deliver it to your door. Just ask our attentive driver for

Bowman Milk
DAIRY COMPANY

Phone Lakeview 1000

W. D. Curtice E. W. Van Delden

ARGYLE PHARMACY

Particular Druggists
We deliver anywhere. Cut Prices

Phone Edgewater 0056
1114 ARGYLE ST., At the "L"

GREEN GABLE CHOCOALATE SHOP
"Where the Discriminating Stop"
Tel. Sunnyside 1897
1032 ARGYLE ST.

North Shore Fireproof Storage Co.

Warehouses:
4820-4822 Broadway
4821-4829 Broadway
1330-1332 Morse Av. (Rogers Pk.)

Private Switch Track
All Phones Edgewater 0803

Phone Sunnyside 3730

Open Evenings

JACK GLASSER

THE EXCLUSIVE SHOP

Manufacturing

FURRIER

4645 SHERIDAN ROAD

ALPHA ELECTRIC CO.

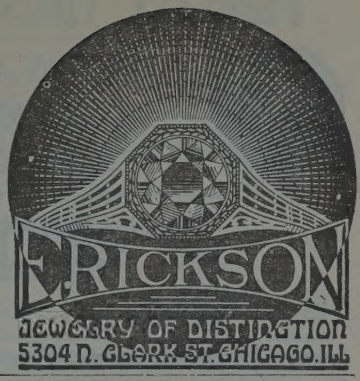
Electrical Supplies—Fixtures
All Kinds of Electrical Construction and Repairing
House Wiring Our Specialty

Telephone Buckingham 3232
810 SHERIDAN RD., by 3900 Broadway

For Perfect Work and Prompt Service Call
Ravenswood 3531
or Edgewater 0960

RIVIERA CLEANERS

4744 BROADWAY
Next door to Riviera Theater



ARGYLE PURE FOOD SHOP

The Home of Everything Good to Eat

1048 ARGYLE ST.

PRICES RIGHT—DELICIOUS FOOD—QUANTITY GENEROUS
SUNNYSIDE 0808 — 2020

P. D. Q. KAFETERIA

Adjoining Uptown North Shore Station
WILSON at BROADWAY

1116 LELAND at BROADWAY
Our New Location
STOLLERY BROS.
For thirty years Uptown Chicago's Dependable FLORISTS
Telephone Edgewater 1352

AMBROSE J. KRIER
Men's and Women's Wear
Telephone Edgewater 5017 1030 Wilson Avenue

CLARENCE C. HEMMICK

MEN'S WEAR, SHIRT MAKER, HATS, CAPS

Hotel Sheridan Plaza

SUNNYSIDE 7059 SHERIDAN RD., At Wilson Ave.

FIDELITY TRUST & SAVINGS BANK

WILSON AVENUE, At Broadway

A CLEARING HOUSE BANK

A Community Bank for You

THE PRINCESS PAT SHOP

Distinctive Lingerie

PHONE ARDMORE 2174 4872 SHERIDAN ROAD

ONE—

TWO—

THREE—

FOUR—

FIVE

FIVE FLOORS OF

Reliable Merchandise Priced Low

LOREN MILLER & CO.

BROADWAY AT LAWRENCE

GEORGE KLANER

Funeral Director

Motor Ambulances

Phone Elgewater 2966 *4717 BROADWAY*

THE JUNIOR SHOP

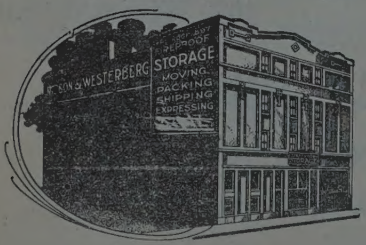
Smart Wear for Children.

1102 LELAND AVE., Just East of Broadway

Phone Sunnyside 8391

Hats, Coats, Dresses, Underwear, Sweaters, Baby Gifts

NELSON & WESTERBERG



PHONE EDGEWATER 0897-1827

Suburban Moving and Motor Express

Trunks to and from all Depots

Near Foster Avenue

5145-47 N. Clark Street

Make Excelsior Your "Wash-Lady"

Wash-days are a nuisance and expensive. Excelsior Service is always uniformly fine and is decidedly economical.

Excelsior Bachelor Service launders fine linens, mends sox and sews on buttons. Our Complete Family Service washes, starches and irons everything, ready for use. 10 lbs., 5 lbs. flat and 5 lbs. wearing apparel, only $1.90. Excelsior Rough Dry, starched and ready for ironing, 12c pound, or 25 lbs. $2.50, with a minimum of 71c charge. Start today the Excelsior Way!

"THE EXCELSIOR EXCELS"

EXCELSIOR LAUNDRY CO.

Uptown Office: 4613 KENMORE AVE. Phone: EDGEWATER 8875

HORN'S FUR SHOP

4707 Sheridan Road

Have your Furs Remodeled during the summer and save 25% at

Telephone Edgewater 2635
Storage Free

"SAY IT WITH FLOWERS"

Baskets, Bouquets & Corsage Bouquets in Great Variety at Moderate Prices

A. HALL'S FLOWER SHOP

4611 SHERIDAN ROAD
Tel. Edgewater 2670

Buy a Buick

Receive Service in Your Own Neighborhood

BROADWAY BUICK CO.

Tel. Sunnyside 0690

5701 Broadway

LIEBERMAN'S

LEATHER GOODS

"Luggage With a Snap"
We make a Specialty of Ladies' Bags, Domestic and Imported
Sunnyside 9010
4703 BROADWAY

NORTH SIDE LUMBER & TIMBER CO.

LUMBER AND MILL WORK, BEST WALL PLASTER BOARD,

WALL BOARD, ASHALT SHINGLES AND ROOFING

Phones: Lakeview 926 and 927

LINCOLN AVENUE and GRACE STREETS

THE HOPPER

at

4632 SHERIDAN ROAD

If you haven't as yet made it a point to drop in for luncheon, dinner, a sandwich or just a cool refreshing drink—do so now and enjoy a real treat.

(We recommend The Hopper)